The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE SINGING SHEPHERD.

The shepherd climbed the hill through dark and light,
And on and on he went,
Higher and higher still,
Seeking a pasture hidden in the height.
He followed by the rill,
He followed past the rocks,
And, as he went, singing, he shepherded his flocks.

How wide those upland pastures none e'er knew;
But over the wild hills
A stretch of watered grass,
Outspreading, though half hidden from the view,
Invites that all may pass.
He sees the weary way,
Yet, while the shepherd sings, how brief the toilsome day!

Stand thou with me and watch his eager feet.
He stays not for the drought,
Nor lingers in the shade,
Save where the clover and the streamlet meet;
There, quiet, unafraid,
The tender lambs may feed
While the calm noon gives rest to those who are in need.

Again I see his figure cut the sky,
Then sink, and reappear
Upon a loftier plain,
Where far beneath his feet the eagles cry.
I cannot hear his strain,
But in a moving drift
I see the snow-white sheep follow the music's lift.

The climbing shepherd long ago has passed,
Yet in the morning air,
For those who listen well,
His song still lingers where his feet made haste;
And where his music fell
The happy shepherds know
His song allures them yet beyond the fields of snow.

O climbing shepherd! I would follow thee.
Over the dizzy heights,
Beyond the lonely pass
Thy piping leads; the path I always see!
I see thee not, alas!
Because of death's rude shock,
Yet thou, dear shepherd, still art shepherding thy flock.

—*Annie Fields, in Harper's Magazine.*

*LOVING GOD THROUGH HUMAN LOVE.**

The love of man is involved in the love of God. There is no real love of God that does not include the love of his children. As the same writer says elsewhere, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Love is a state of the human spirit, an atmosphere in which one abides. He who is in that atmosphere loves the human that appeals to him no less than the divine. Loving God is not merely a feeling toward him, a gushing out of emotion: it is a practical exercise of his spirit. It is a real doing of his commandments, taking that in the sense, not barrenly, of keeping rules and

* Part of this sermon was printed in a previous number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

edicts, but of obeying the inward impulses that come from the spirit of love and of God.

From several sources questions about loving God have come to me of late. "What is loving God? Is it anything more than loving men, and trying in his name to do them good?" "I do not think I love God, for I do not feel toward him as I do toward those I love best." "It is hard to think of God as the Great Energy that fills all things, and yet to love him as a Father." These are all expressions of sincere and earnest minds trying to get into the real atmosphere of the truth and to live the spiritual life. And, because I believe them to be typical feelings, common to many besides those who have spoken of them, I should like, if possible, to help clear up the difficulties indicated.

Let us recognize the fact that nothing but emptiness and disappointment can come from the effort to love an abstract conception. Love goes out only toward personality. And the personality must lie warm and living in our hearts, or it fails to quicken affection into life. Israel, for instance, was laboring for a thousand years to bring forth its idea of Godhead. In the old notion of Jahveh as God of Israel only, there was a sort of personal warmth akin to patriotism, —a common affection which went out in a crude way to their personal champion. When the prophets began to see in him much more than this,—the God of all the earth, "who formeth the mountains and createth the wind, and declareth to man his thought," —while there was an immense gain in breadth and truth of conception, there was a loss of the nearness that begets personal attachment, until, a little later, God's relation to the whole nation gave place to the new idea of his direct relation to every man in all the affairs of his life. That gave birth to all that is best in the Psalms of Israel, with their outgoing of personal confidence and affection. Yet that did not last. Those heart-songs died away as the era of sacrifice and mystery came into greater predominance, hand in hand with the idea that God was an arbitrary dictator of commands and observances, and that his favor was secured only by the most correct and exact compliance with specific laws; and Judaism became barren of the spirit of love,—a mere tithing of mint, anise, and cumin. Then, after the coming of Jesus and the intense feeling that sprang up on his departure that he was God manifest in the flesh, there was a leap of thought and life which showed how the real heart of man hungered for something more close and personal than Judaic religion could ever give it. At once, with a suddenness that was startling, Jesus, the Christ, took the place of the Father he loved and spoke about so much; and to him went out all the affection and personal loyalty which it had been so hard to give to the more abstract Jehovah. So complete was this change, and so central to the apostolic age, that for eighteen hundred years the same phenomenon has been witnessed of placing Jesus in the central place, with God removed to a vague background, the being "whom no man hath seen or can see," dreaded, reverenced, and worshipped, but never standing in the intimate relation of close fatherhood in which he was the warmth and light of the life of Jesus himself. There was abundant reason for this. The human heart, seeking for a real religion, must have something concrete and close and warm: it cannot love an abstract idea. Jesus was seen as God reduced to the human compass, enshrined in a human and personal love. The whole responsive life of man went out to him. It was its heart-hunger for God finding in Jesus a visible and tangible personality, to which it could leap forth spontaneously. And so it came to pass that he did what he did not in the least aim to do, but rather the contrary: he did not bring the real Godhead of the universe nearer to the average mind, but took the place of it, letting it even sweep backward, farther out of sight, farther into the impenetrable mystery.

We are pillowed in our infancy on a bosom of affection. It is long before we know it; but, when we do awake, it is to our mothers that the earliest love goes forth. For a long time thereafter it is in the sphere of the home that our love is drawn out: fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood,—these are our shrines. Whatever of the spirit of real love is born into us finds its object here. So it is only by these familiar names that even Jesus can picture to us the love that is to go forth to God. Fatherhood, brotherhood, are our only interpreting names, because these are what we first know. And, if we ever do love God, we come to it by rising from the home love, or some later and even stronger love that awakes in us, to the higher affection. This makes the common affections of life sacred and divine, in that without them there is no ground in us for the love to God.—*H. P. De Forest.*

THE STILL HOUR.

To the music of the birds
I join my words;
Upon the fragrant air
I raise my prayer.

Out flames the sumach gay;
Sweet smells the hay;
And loud the clear-voiced quail
Gives me his hail.

The squirrel, swift and shy,
That scampers by;
The thrush, whose chant I hear
Resounding near.

O creatures that rejoice,
Lend me a voice!
O growths that life fulfill,
Transfuse my will!

Make me, too, blessed Lord,
Quick with thy Word;
Give me, O Saviour mine,
Fruit—like this vine.

—*D. H. R. Goodale.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Any one especially interested in outdoor life and sports can receive the magazine *Outing* for 1902–03–04, the magazine of amateur sport and pastime, by addressing Mrs. C. C. Chamberlain, 154 Autumn Street, Passaic, New Jersey.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—Please allow me space to thank each one who sent reading and remembrances on my birthday. I wrote to each personally that sent address, now I send sincere thanks to those who sent tokens and no address. I am grateful, too, for reading and everything that is being sent to me. It all cheers and comforts in my little isolated home. With each succeeding year may we all become better friends. Mrs. Lizzie Bunton, Mackiesville, Caldwell County, Texas.

2. Will any of *The Cheerful Letter* readers be so kind as to send me reading for a rural Sunday-school? I would like to have catechisms for children, and can place a large number of Bibles in families where there is not a Bible; but I want them more especially for the Sunday-school. A Bible dictionary and a commentary would also be acceptable. Address, A. I. Lyle, superintendent, Winder, Georgia, R. F. D. No. 20.

3. Mrs. Fannie Burton, Stuart, Virginia, asks for general reading.

4. I would like a Bible dictionary, as I have none. I have been preaching several years. My books are limited. I have preached mostly to poor people, and have been given as reference by many who correspond with you. I am pastor at Ansonville and Red Hill, Anson County, North Carolina. Your club sent me about two barrels of literature, which I distributed with pleasure. If you can send me a Bible dictionary for my own use, I will much appreciate it. Thanking you for past favors, J. L. Bennett, Marshville, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Albert Owen, Critz, Virginia, will be glad of any reading.

6. We are two little girls that would like good reading matter. We have a copy of *Cheerful Letter* handed us by our friend Miss Elma Horton, and thought we would write you. Our father is a clerk in a dry-goods store. There are six children in family. We are going to school. Any good books or papers will be thankfully received. Any papers or books we have we will be glad to exchange. Dessa and Minnie Triplett, Elkville, North Carolina.

7. Miss Corinne Coleman, Allwood, Virginia, asks for Longfellow's or Tennyson's poems.

8. I feel it my duty to thank the club for the nice literature I have received since I have been corresponding with the members. Received a nice book to-day, also subscribed for *The Cheerful Letter*. I will kindly repeat my request for "Ishmael," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Am very anxious to receive it, also "The Story of King Sylvian" and "Queen Aimee," by Margaret Sherwood, and "The Effendi," by Florence Brooks Whitehouse. Will appreciate the above very much or any other reading matter. Mrs. Edward L. Jones, Mansville, Indian Territory.

9. I should be glad to receive some book on painting for my daughter Alma, who has some natural talent. I am not able to send her to an art school. We would be very glad of *World's Work*, and appreciate any reading sent. Mrs. G. E. Flowers, Granite Falls, North Carolina.

10. Martha Staton, Wadesboro, North Carolina, desires reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW ONE MAN IS BEING MADE.

"I have labored over that boy for his father's sake. I can't get ideas into him, nor good service out of him. He is out nights so much that when he comes to work in the morning he actually falls asleep. He has no ambition, doesn't care, can't be trusted to do even the simplest things, and spends much of his working time watching the clock."

"Oh, my poor boy!" the mother sobbed.

The father urged, "Do give him one more trial."

"No, his discharge is final. And let me add to you, his parents, whom I have known so long and so intimately," added the manufacturer kindly, "that as long as this boy has a home to be babied in, a mother to dote on him, and a father still easier, who won't even make him get up in the morning, his case is hopeless. Is his condition all his own fault? Aren't you somewhat to blame?"

The couple left with guilty feelings, and later sought my advice. A few questions proved how utterly foolish had been the home influence upon the boy, how incompetent his parents were. Yet they rank as fine people in society and business. I sent for the boy, and, after a while, got right at him until he confessed that his employer was right. "But I don't seem to have any power to do better," he said, almost breaking down.

"Don't be a sissy, young man. Go and earn a living for yourself. I will send you to a farmer, who will treat you well as long as you serve him faithfully; but Lord help you if you 'sojer' on him. Learn what hard work is, acquire self-reliance, know the value of the time you have been wasting and of the dollars you now squander."

Then we had some more talk, the boy and I. He went off to the country. That was two years ago. At first his mother wanted to "visit poor Charley," and his father pompously said, "My son ought to have his usual allowance"; but, as they had agreed to follow my plan with the boy (since their own had failed), they let him alone.

The boy came back in the fall for the first time. He didn't say much as he firmly grasped my hand and looked me squarely in the eye, but I knew instinctively that this bronzed and strong young man was all right. He had improved his opportunity. He is transformed into a youth of character and determination. He has learned in the

stern school of experience the lessons he needed, and without which he would have gone straight to perdition. He has developed an aptitude for mechanics, and has begun at the bottom in a large manufacturing shop.

He will make his mark one of these days. He is getting the "education" he needs.

How many such parents will read these lines? How many are spoiling their boys through loving indulgence, inefficiency, laziness, or ignorance? The number is surprisingly large. Daughters are similarly spoiled, waited on, babied. "My children shall have an easier time than I had," is the heartfelt resolve of every intelligent parent. All wrong. It's heart, not common sense, that leads parents into such errors.

To fit our sons and daughters to leave us!

This is one of the chief duties of parents, and for most of us the hardest to learn.—*Good Housekeeping.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

HOW BIRDS PROTECT THEMSELVES.

II.

Fine feathers having been given many male birds for courting purposes only, why should not some of the hunted creatures seek protection in quiet clothes when the nesting season ends? Many do. All birds undergo at least one molt a year. Those that put on a special wedding garment must molt twice. After family cares are over, and our rollicking, tuneful bobolink has stopped singing, he changes his beautiful black, white, and buff suit for a winter one of streaked brown like his mate's, because they will go South to live among the ripe brown grasses and sedges. In spite of Nature's kindly protective coloring, thousands of bobolinks (reed-birds so called) fall a prey to pot-hunters every autumn, even when the best beefsteak may be had at a reasonable price; and it takes a dozen plucked reed-birds to make a handful!

Who that did not know him the year round would recognize the bright yellow, black-winged little goldfinch of sunny pastures after he has exchanged his nuptial clothes for the drab-brown family dress? So cleverly does it match the coloring of their weedy foraging grounds after frost that one may pass a flock of goldfinches in late autumn without suspecting there was a bird in the field. Except for their waving flight one might mistake them on the wing for a flock of sparrows.

Arctic birds, like Arctic animals, turn white in winter, so as to be scarcely detected in the snowy landscape. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways: white enemies are quite as likely to approach unseen as white prey is likely to escape.

Occasionally a snowy owl comes over the Canadian border, a ghostly apparition among our birds. The ptarmigan, which lives above the timber-line in our Western mountains, as well as at the far North, is white while the snow lasts; but, by the time there are eggs and chicks to be covered, the mottled gray, black, and brown feathers, which have taken the place of the white ones, may be scarcely distinguished from the soil and stones among which the hen broods.

HOW THEY DECEIVE THEIR ENEMIES.

Feeling absolute confidence in the harmonious blending of their feathers with their natural surroundings, many birds keep perfectly still, even in the actual presence of danger, thinking themselves overlooked, as they are apt to be. Another advantage of deceptive coloring is that their prey often come unawares within striking distance. The bittern, standing motionless in his marshy home, his neck stretched upward, looks far less like a bird when in this attitude than like a stump or snag among the rushes. But look out for his wing slap and thrust of the sharp beak if he thinks his clever deception has failed! A weapon intended to impale frogs makes an ugly wound on the human body.

It takes very sharp eyes indeed to tell bird from tree when the night hawk flattens and stretches herself lengthwise along the log or horizontal limb with whose mottled coloring her own blends so perfectly. Certain rocks match not only her plumage, but her eggs, too, which is why she often chooses a depression in such a rock to cradle them when a decayed stump or suitable site on the bare ground among dry leaves cannot be found. Indeed, a sitting night hawk or a whip-poor-will is as difficult to detect as any bird in the wood, although neither takes the trouble to build a nest.

Certain beach birds, which lay their eggs among the sand and pebbles above high-water mark, allow the sun to do most of their incubating, while they ply the waters for food with an easy mind, feeling quite sure that the sharpest-eyed enemy cannot

detect their treasures. Gulls and terns, which have favorite islands off our coast, return to them generation after generation to rear their families. Colonies of terns choose a nesting site on the mottled, sandy beach among rounded pebbles of the same size, shape, and color as their eggs, on which one might innocently tread, so perfectly are they concealed while yet exposed. Young terns keep still instinctively when danger threatens. Their coloring usually affords all the protection necessary.

Every sportsman knows how wary the woodcock is. Yet so confidently does the hen rely on the mimicry of plumage amid the dry leaves and fallen logs around her that one can place a camera squarely in front of her ground nest and photograph her on it without causing her any concern. There is no need for such birds to build in trees.

Seated among last year's leaves, the ruffed grouse feels sure, as well she may, that you can scarcely distinguish her from them. When danger threatens her chicks, the youngest downy ball knows enough to stand or squat motionless while the mother, by feigning lameness or a broken wing, tries to decoy you away.

The most casual observer must have noticed that many birds are dark above and lighter underneath, like the cuckoos, vireos, flycatchers, and sparrows, to mention only a few groups. Of what bird, indeed, is the reverse true? This coloring, of course, accords with a law of optics, whereby dark upper parts receiving the most light appear no darker when seen from a distance than pale under parts, which receive less direct light. The result, so far as birds are concerned, tends to uniformity and makes them inconspicuous. His great advantage in this respect is well known to the dusky kingbird; for he calmly sits unobserved on the fence rail or other point of vantage, waiting for an unsuspecting dragon-fly to sail by, when off he dashes, clicks his bill over his victim, and returns to the same lookout to watch for another.

EVERY FEATHER MEANS SOMETHING.

As the kingbird flew by, you may have noticed the white band across the end of his tail. In common with many other birds that must travel thousands of miles every year, he shows the white feather, yet not to his enemies,—for his pugnacity often amounts to tyranny,—but to his friends that travel with him in flocks. Were it not for such showy white signals as the vesper sparrow likewise wears in his tail, the flicker on his lower back, and various other birds display on tail, back, and wings, many a migrant would be lost at night, unable to follow the travellers just ahead.

When he goes courting, the flicker takes ridiculous pains to show only his beauty marks in front to the well beloved. Many a modestly attired little bird is as conscious of his charms at the wooing season and displays them with as much pride as if he were a peacock. In human beings touch is the sense most acutely developed; in animals, smell; in birds, sight.

To insure themselves against being overtaken in a chase on land, some birds, like the ostrich, have developed extraordinary powers of running and kicking. The loon dives at the flash of a gun several seconds before the shot reaches the place where he disappeared into the lake. Chimney-swifts and wild ducks, among others, travel on the wing faster than the fastest locomotive; and woe betide any weakly or maimed bird that straggles behind the flock, offering an invitation to dine that hawks are not slow to accept. Indeed the weak and sickly have little chance in Nature when all laws converge toward perpetuating only the best there is in life. Besides the foes of the air, prowling animals, from mice to foxes, and big and little snakes in the grass, are ever seeking whom they may devour.

Roosters fight with spurs; eagles and hawks with beak and talons; geese and other birds still strike as effective a blow with their wings as did those who wore wing spurs long ago. Even the tiny humming-bird is a desperate fighter, and will lunge his rapier-like bill at a rival like any duellist.

WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR BIRDS.

Certainly birds banded together for mutual protection as instinctively as ever men did, yet through men have come the chief failures of their flocking habit. Enormous flocks of wild pigeons, consisting of millions of birds,—so many that they darkened the sky,—were a not uncommon sight in this land of liberty less than fifty years ago. But because pigeons nested in such vast roosts they were easily netted and slaughtered wholesale, until it is difficult to obtain a single pair of these exquisite birds for museum specimens to-day. Audubon found auks in numbers beyond computing around

the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But, when a bird lays only one egg a year, as the auk did, and when lawless men not only robbed a colony of all its eggs, but also clubbed thousands of old birds to death, extinction followed speedily.

Far better for pigeons and auks had they scattered themselves over a wide area and had pairs nested apart.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

COLLIERY CHILDREN.

In August, 1840, Lord Ashley had moved for a commission to inquire into the employment of children in mines and collieries; and in May, 1842, the first report was issued. Few, if any, blue books of the kind ever became so widely known. Continental as well as European reformers and philanthropists studied its fearful disclosures with intense interest. A mass of misery and depravity was unveiled, of which even the warmest friends of the laboring classes had hitherto but a faint conception.

A very large proportion of the workers underground were less than thirteen years of age. Some of them began to toil in the pits when only four or five, many when between six and seven, and the majority when not over eight or nine, girls as well as boys.

A man must have strong nerves who for the first time descends a deep shaft without some uncomfortable sensations. To a young, timid child the descent was a cruel terror, nor was the first impression of the mine less horrible. It was damp, dark, and close, with water trickling down its sides, the floor ankle deep in black mud, and around a labyrinth of dark, gruesome passages.

The first employment of a very young child was that of a "trapper," and any occupation more barbarous it is difficult to conceive. The ventilation of a mine was a very complicated affair, and cannot be easily explained in a few words. Suffice it to say that, were a door or trap left open, after the passage of a coal-carriage through it, the consequences would be very serious, causing great heat and closeness when the miners were at work, and perchance an explosion. Behind each door, therefore, a little child or trapper was seated, whose duty it was, on hearing the approach of a whirley, or coal-carriage, to pull open the door and shut it again as soon as the whirley had passed. From the time the first coal was brought forward in the morning until the last whirley had passed at night,—that is to say, for twelve or fourteen hours a day,—the trapper was at his monotonous, deadening work. He had to sit alone in the pitchy darkness and the horrible silence, exposed to damp, and unable to stir for more than a dozen paces with safety, lest he should be found neglecting his duty and suffer accordingly. He dared not go to sleep. The punishment was "the strap," applied with brutal severity. Many of the mines were infested with rats, mice, beetles, and other vermin; and stories are told of rats so bold that they would eat the horses' food in the presence of the miners, and have been known to run off with the lighted candles in their mouths and explode the gas. All the circumstances of a little trapper's life were full of horror; and upon nervous, sensitive children the effect was terrible, producing a state of imbecility approaching almost to idiocy. Except on Sunday they never saw the sun. They had no hours of relaxation. Their meals were mostly eaten in the dark, and their homes were with parents who devoted them to this kind of life. As they grew older the trappers were passed on to other employments,—"hurrying," "filling," "riddling," "tipping," and occasionally "getting"; and in these labors no distinction whatever was made between boys and girls in their mode of work, in the weights they carried, in the distances they travelled, in the wages they received, or in their dress, which consisted of no other garment than a ragged shirt or shift or a pair of tattered trousers. "Hurrying"—that is, loading—small wagons, called corves, with coals, and pushing them along a passage—was an utterly barbarous labor, performed by women as well as by children. They had to crawl on hands and knees, and draw enormous weights along narrow and wet shafts. When the passages were very narrow, and not more than eighteen to twenty-four inches in height, boys and girls performed the work by "girdle and chain"; that is to say, a girdle was put round the naked waist, to which a chain from the carriage was hooked and passed between the legs; and, crawling on hands and knees, they drew the carriages after them. It is not necessary to say how the sides of the hurriers were blistered and their ankles strained, how their backs were chafed by coming in contact with the roofs, or how they stumbled in the darkness and

choked in the stifling atmosphere. It is enough to say that they were obliged to do the work of horses, because human flesh and blood was cheaper in some cases, and horse labor was impossible in others.

"Coal-bearing"—carrying on their backs, on unrailed roads, burdens varying from half a hundredweight to one hundredweight and a half—was almost always performed by girls and women; and it was a common occurrence for little children of the age of six or seven years to carry burdens of coal of half a hundredweight up steps that, in the aggregate, equalled an ascent, fourteen times a day, to the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral!

It is needless to say that the poor little creatures who labored thus like beasts of burden, and who scarcely ever saw the sunshine more than once a week, suffered terribly in health. The foundation of diseases of heart and lungs was laid in early life. Many died young; and at thirty years of age most colliers became asthmatic, while rheumatism was also universal. Every person employed in a coal mine was, in addition, exposed to danger, constant and imminent. Education was totally neglected, and the morals of the people were in the lowest possible state. As a rule, the wages paid to the laborers in the mines, and especially to the women and children, were unreasonably low; and in some districts the iniquitous "truck system" prevailed,—that is to say, people were not paid in money, but by advances of goods from a shop in the neighborhood, where the necessaries of life were dearer by 25 per cent. than in the shops farther off.

For all the revolting cruelty practised upon the poor children employed in mines and collieries, for all the dreadful sufferings to which they were subjected in their premature and destructive labor, for all the indecencies daily passing before their eyes and inviting their imitation, for all the ignorance, evil habits, and social disorganization springing out of this state of things, the main excuse given was that, without the employment of child-labor, the pits could not possibly be worked with a profit; that, after a certain age, the vertebrae of the back do not conform to the desired position, and therefore the children must begin early; and that, unless early inured to the work and its terrors, no child would ever make a good collier.

It was when the condition of things was in this state that Lord Ashley had demanded a Commission of Inquiry.

From the diary:—

"*May* 7, 1842.—The report of the commission is out,—a noble document. The Home Office in vain endeavored to hold it back. It came by a most providential mistake into the hands of members; and, though the Secretary of State for a long while prevented the sale of it, could not prevent publicity or any notice of motion.

"Perhaps even 'civilization' itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty. The disgust felt is very great, thank God; but will it be reduced to action, when I call for a remedy?"

Although so deeply interested in this question, Lord Ashley did not forget his other sufferers. He writes thus of the improvements in treatment of the insane.

"*May* 17.—This day I have visited Hanwell in company with Sergeant Adams; and well may I, and by his grace heartily do I, thank God for all that I saw there. Could any man who has the least regard for his fellow-man, as created and redeemed by the same blessed Lord, behold such a triumph of wisdom and mercy over ignorance and ferocity, and not rejoice and give God the glory?

"*May* 24.—(In regard to the Colliery Bill.) One would have thought that a 'paternal' government would hasten to originate, certainly to aid, any measures for the removal of this foul and cruel stain. No such thing,—no assistance, no sympathy, every obstacle in my way, though I doubt whether they will dare *openly to oppose me* on the bill itself. I hear that no such sensation has been caused since the first disclosures of the horrors of the slave-trade! God, go before us, as in thy pillar of a cloud!

"*May* 30.—26th, day fixed (for Lord Ashley's speech in the House of Commons). (I) persisted, having received an assurance from Peel and Freemantle that the privilege question would not occupy two hours. Wynne was absent. I was called. The first sentence was all but begun when cries arose that Wynne was coming. I gave way, and this famous two hours' debate occupied from five till twelve o'clock! Never did I pass such an evening, expecting for six hours without food or drink to be called on at any moment: very unwell in consequence and have been (so) in fact ever since. Peel then gave me Tuesday (to-morrow); and just now such is the apparent fate of the question—a horrid attempt to assassinate the Queen has caused an adjournment of the House."

The report of the commission had aroused the indignation of the whole country. But it was reserved for Lord Ashley to expose the iniquity of the system in a speech so powerful that it not only thrilled the House, but sent a shudder through the length and breadth of the land.

From the diary:—

"*June* 9.—Oh that I had the tongue of an angel to express what I ought to feel! On the 7th brought forward my motion. The success has been *wonderful*, yes, really wonderful! For two hours the House listened so attentively that you might have heard a pin drop, broken only by loud and repeated marks of approbation. At the close a dozen members at least followed in succession to give me praise and express their sense of the holy cause.

"As I stood at the table, and just before I opened my mouth, the words of God came forcibly to my mind,—'Only be strong and of a good courage.' Praised be his holy name! I was as easy from that moment as if I had been sitting in an armchair. Many men, I hear, shed tears. Becket Denison confessed to me that he did, and that he left the House lest he should be seen. Members took me aside and spoke in a *very serious* tone of thanks and admiration. Grant, O blessed God, that I may not be exalted above measure. It has given me hopes for the empire, hopes for its permanence, hopes for its service in the purposes of the Messiah.

"*June* 11.—Has not this carried, in fact, the Ten Hours' Bill (for the factory workers)? Yet two such mercies in one year would exceed, not God's goodness, but man's capacity."

In passing through committee, and at the third reading, there were innumerable difficulties to overcome; and repeated attempts were made to modify and delay the measure. But, backed by the great body of the House, Lord Ashley was able to triumph over all obstacles.

One of the most determined opponents to factory legislation as proposed by Lord Ashley was Mr. Richard Cobden.* He was not only opposed to the measures, but to the man; and his view of the character of Lord Ashley was as ungenerous as it was unjust.

Although Cobden had steadily opposed Lord Ashley step by step, both publicly and privately, he raised no opposition whatever to the Mines' and Collieries' Bill. On the contrary, when Lord Ashley had concluded his great speech,—a speech he always considered one of the most successful he ever delivered,—Cobden came over to him and, sitting down on the bench beside him, wrung his hand heartily, and said, "You know how opposed I have been to your views; but I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind, in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech."

There were occasions in subsequent years when Cobden considered that Lord Ashley's philanthropy was leading him astray, and he resisted him accordingly; but all personal animosity had ceased, and in its place a friendship sprang up, which bore fruit in later years, when mutual sympathy helped them each to bear the sorrows of domestic bereavement.

Prince Albert also wrote to him (in regard to the speech on the Colliery Bill), and gave a message of sympathy from the queen.

There was, nevertheless, great difficulty in carrying the bill through the House of Lords, where Lord Ashley could not speak himself. After many vicissitudes it was successfully carried.

In September, 1842, Lord Ashley again made a tour through the manufacturing districts, accompanied by Lady Ashley, and spent much time amongst the operatives, both publicly and privately, to warn them against the prevailing spirit of lawlessness, and to urge them to persevere in their efforts for emancipation in a quiet and peaceable manner.

"*September* 29.—Spent three days at Gawthorpe, admirably well, with Dr. Kay-Shuttleworth (formerly my antagonist) and Mrs. Shuttleworth, visiting the cottages, consulting colliers and hand-loom weavers, and conciliating mill-owners. We conversed from morning till night, and scarcely ever touched a subject unconnected with the moral and physical condition of the poor, and the means of repairing it. Had several interviews with Col. Shaw of Manchester. Acquired most extensive and important information respecting the working population. Perambulated the town on Saturday night in company with two inspectors, and passed through cellars, garrets, gin-palaces, beer-houses, gaming-houses, and every resort of vice and violence. Saw a darling little girl seven years old in the very depth of dirt and uproar. Never did I witness such

*This seems very strange, but perhaps not more so than Lord Ashley's opposition to the abolition of the Corn Laws,—Cobden's great object. It shows how good and wise men may be mistaken, and may disagree from each other.

beauty of natural untaught affection toward her rough and unkind mother. I determined, God willing, to rescue her if possible.

"Descended a coal-pit 450 feet deep. Thought it a duty. Easier to talk after you have seen. So away I went, and had ever in my mind, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' So I feared not!"—*From the Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

Sarah Freeman Clarke to James Freeman Clarke.

MARCH, 1834 (?)*

My dear James,—If Mr. Lewis does not bring you this the faithful (line burned), but I shall keep it a little while in hopes he may make us a visit before he returns. Last week, being in Boston two days, I called to see Mrs. Lewis, who always has something to tell me about you. She says Mrs. C. Lewis writes that she misses her husband more than she could miss anybody except her good minister. This I thought a compliment worth reporting back to you. Before I forget it I must tell you that Uncle Homer desires you will certainly form an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sautelle, with whom he is acquainted, as he preached on some occasion in Newton, and he likes him very much.

I have just seen your letter in the *Unitarian*. It is just like you, and very sensible. The youths at the school liked it very much, I was told, and are seriously inquiring whether they are fit for it. William Eliot yesterday showed me your last letter to him. He seems quite disposed to take your advice in all things. I was very glad to see that you were not determined to stay there always, though I am glad you like it well enough to be contented to stay. I wish I could come and see you.

I have had a note from Margaret this winter, in which she asked me to write to her, and I did try; but somehow I could not. It is impossible, in short, to overleap the wall that is between us, unless I could see what it was made of and how high it is. I only get a hard knock every time I try to approach her, and I shan't try any more. It is transparent certainly, for I see her through it. I hope I am not like the prince with the long nose, who could not reach his princess till he acknowledged his nose was too long. Perhaps the impediment is in myself.

I had a letter from William yesterday. He says he has sent me a basket of letters by some friend and one from his friend, Mrs. Dennie, and he thinks I shall enjoy a correspondence with her as much as he shall enjoy his correspondence with John Dwight.

James, I would give more for one hour's conversation with you than with any person in the world, yet I can't write now: I have nothing to say,—not a word. I may as well tell you about some landscapes that I am painting; and, if I can only continue to get them onto the canvass without altering them entirely and losing all their life and beauty, I shall be quite satisfied. I thought that I could paint landscapes without any particular perplexity, because I have a distinct idea of landscape beauty, and have the elements of landscape so much more under my command than those sort of pictures wherein the human form reigns, that I supposed I could do what I would, if I had but time and materials. But I find that, even in this department where I felt myself at home, and in a home I loved, too, I am not free from (———) (———) of being able to (———) with them, and I shall not write again till I have decided it. If I do not succeed, I shall give up painting now and forever. There are some scenes in my mind that it would relieve me very much to be able to represent just as they are; and, if I can do it so that another can find out my meaning from it, I shall be quite satisfied. I should so like to show you what I have done; but, when I show my attempts to any one to try if they can see what I mean, they only say, "Why, it is not finished." "But how do you like it?" "Oh, I shall like it when it is done, I suppose." So I go on. I went the other day to see Alexander's pictures. He has brought home some little genuine relics of the art in the Middle Ages. Among the rest a Magdalen by Guido, very simple and very beautiful. I saw it about five minutes, and I yet have a more distinct idea of it than of any other picture I ever saw except those we saw last summer at the Athenæum. But this Magdalen is more beautiful than that Judith. It is a picture about two feet in height, a full-length figure seated, leaning back, resting her cheek on one hand and looking up. It is most chaste in regard to coloring. At first it even looks pale and faded; but, as you look, the tone of it becomes sweet and

*This letter was accidentally singed in a fire. The date was burned off. The gaps in the letter are due to the same cause.

satisfying to the eye. The figure is one of almost divine beauty, and the face, too. The foot and ankle are in a cool shadow, and look so soft and dewy. It is the most perfectly finished picture I think that I have seen of the old masters; but it has not the divine elevation of expression that Judith had, nor ought it. It is merely a beautiful woman, pure and gentle and slightly enthusiastic.

It is almost dark, and I must send my letter to Mr. Lewis, so good-bye.

Yours forever,

SARAH.

Thomas has, you see, developed more of a talent for the art of drawing than writing; and, in fact, he calls it *drawing* the letters. Perhaps you will see Sam before I do. I wrote you that he thought of coming home your way, and I hope he will be well enough to do so.

We are all well here. I depend upon some more of your journal very soon.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

HOW TO LEARN TO SOLVE PUZZLES.

A young girl writes: "I would rather have games than puzzles in the Amusement Column, for I can never solve puzzles. *How do you solve them?*"

This is not so easy a question to answer as it may appear. You would find it rather hard to tell how you breathe, speak, or sleep. If you fully understood these things, it would be hard to explain them to any one who did not. It would be still harder to explain the mental process by which the answer to a puzzle dawns upon you.

Any one, however, can learn to solve puzzles with a little patience and perseverance.

Many people seem not to understand the language of puzzles, and for their benefit we define some of the most common terms.

An enigma is a word divided into letters. Therefore my 1, 2, 3, must be understood to mean the first, second, and third letters of the word chosen. A charade is a word divided into syllables, and "my first" or "my second" refers to the first or second syllable.

A transposition is a word with the letters rearranged to form another word, as *spin, pins, nips, snip,*—all of which are composed of the same letters.

A box of mixed letters which can be bought in toy stores in cities is a great help in solving puzzles. It can also be used in playing various games, which will be given later. It can be made at home by printing or painting letters on squares of pasteboard, or three alphabet cards can be bought for as many cents and cut into squares. A charade is often divided into two words, one having two syllables, as antelope--antelope.

Suppose I make an enigma of the word Hamlet. I say:—

"I am a word of six letters." Your best plan would be put the figures

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

in a straight row, leaving space enough for a letter under each figure.

"My 1, 2, 3, is a part of a pig."

Think what parts of a pig are spelled with three letters.

You think of ear, eye, leg. These are equally parts of any quadruped. "Ham," in modern usage, that is applied only to pork. Write the letters under 1, 2, 3. "My 4, 5, 6, means to allow, but formerly meant to prevent." What word means to allow? You think of *permit.* That has too many letters in it. *Let* means to allow. You remember that Paul says, "I have desired to come unto you, but have been *let* hitherto." You have heard that *let,* when the Bible was translated, meant to *hinder.* Put those letters under 4, 5, 6, and you have *Hamlet.* "My whole is a small village." That agrees with your answer, so you are probably right.

But suppose I make a charade of it. I should say:—

"My first (word) is one of Noah's sons."

My second (I define as before) you think of *let.* Shem-let does not make a word. *Ham-let* does. My whole is one of Shakespeare's plays. You have *Hamlet,* as before.

Try to make them yourself. You will be surprised to find how easy it will be after a little practice.

I.

Transpose the following words, and see what you can make of them:—

Meat, lamb, read, care, stun, tea, lead, made, dolman, Dora.

II.

See how many words you can make from the name

CLARKE,

not using all the letters. Begin with a, and

arrange them alphabetically, a, ace, ale, etc. Do not use any letter twice in the same word. Use names and foreign words *if correct*, and send your lists to the Amusement Column. We shall give the longest and best list next month, with the name and address of the writer, unless otherwise enjoined.

We are devoting the column this month to people who are just learning to solve puzzles; but, for fear more experienced solvers will be disappointed, we give them rather a hard charade.

III.

A soldier and a sailor met
One day upon the shore;
One was my *first* in coat of *last*,
My *whole* the other wore.

IV.

Canyoureadalinewithoutspaces?

Answers to Puzzles in August Number.

I. *Old Enough to be New.*—I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertakings.

II. *Numerical Enigma.*—Knowledge is power.

III. *Anagrams*:—

1. Adeline T. D. Whitney.
2. Faith Gartney's Girlhood.
3. Patience Strong's Outings.
4. Square Pegs.
5. We Girls.
6. Buttered Crusts.
7. Real Folks.
8. Pansies.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Miss Frances B. Fisher, our Assistant Secretary, is to be absent in Europe for several months. Will members and others kindly notice this, and send requests for correspondents to Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., until further notice?

Those who send contributions of any sort to the Cheerful Letter must have them sent in by or before the fifth of the month if they are to be inserted in the next issue.

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Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.